

Prof. E. L. Scharf, of Washington, Claims to Have Discovered an Electric Force That Counteracts the Laws of Gravitation, and Which Will Enable Mankind to Move Heavy Structures From Place to Place on the Wings of the Air

turned on the current I felt as if I was actually rising, yes, almost flying.

It was a peculiar feeling about my heart which decided me to suspend the experiments, until I can test my plan on dummies and the lower animals, to make sure there is no attendant danger, or, if there is such danger, to obviate it.

For years the idea of such a force opposed to gravity had buzzed in my brain. My attention was first called to it while I was connected with the Catholic University.

The reading of the modern and classic Hindoo and Persian works made me take notice of the claim, seemingly substantiated, that seers of these two races were able by prostrating themselves upon the ground, and by other mystic rites which probably had nothing to do with the natural phenomena, to raise their bodies into the air.

The ascending of our blessed Lord and Master, Jesus, into the heavens with a physical body convinced me that it was done by natural laws of which He must have been the master. The highest proof of the Master's divinity was His ability to control laws that to humanity were a sealed book. That he rose into the air proves to me that He, as master of the universe, understood the secret of negative gravity.

The fact that all the levitation claimed by the Eastern doctors was and is preceded by prostration upon the ground reveals the secret of the phenomena.

Electric Phenomena.

I naturally inferred that something in the earth itself was the power which, properly controlled, was strong enough to successfully oppose the attraction of earth for physical objects. As a scientist I knew that electricity was the underlying principle of many physical manifestations, and that the earth was charged with the positive element of electricity.

As soon as I stepped from the scales after my experiment of charging my body with positive force, and reducing my weight seven pounds, the energy employed in the experiment departed to the earth, and a moment after, stepping upon the scales, I found that my weight was normal again.

I firmly believe that within fifty years the force which for want of a better name has been called levitation will be so thoroughly understood and its uses and control so well demonstrated

that it will then occupy a position in the list of great public utilities such as the electric telegraph, the telephone, the wireless telegraph and the electric railway hold to-day.

Expects Ridicule.

The storms of doubt, the shafts of ridicule, and the jeers of the unthinking will prove as idle in combating the development of this new force—or rather an application of that force—as did opposition, satire and doubts in the first half of the last century toward crushing a great discovery.

One has only to consult the official records of the proceedings in Congress to bear out this assertion. It was before you were born, to be sure, but within the memory of your father, that a most appropriation of \$25,000 was asked from Congress to cover the expense of constructing an electrical telegraph line between Washington and Baltimore.

This line was intended to demonstrate the practicability of the invention of Samuel F. B. Morse. What happened? Why, learned statesmen in both houses of Congress thundered invectives against such wilful waste of the public moneys upon a chimera.

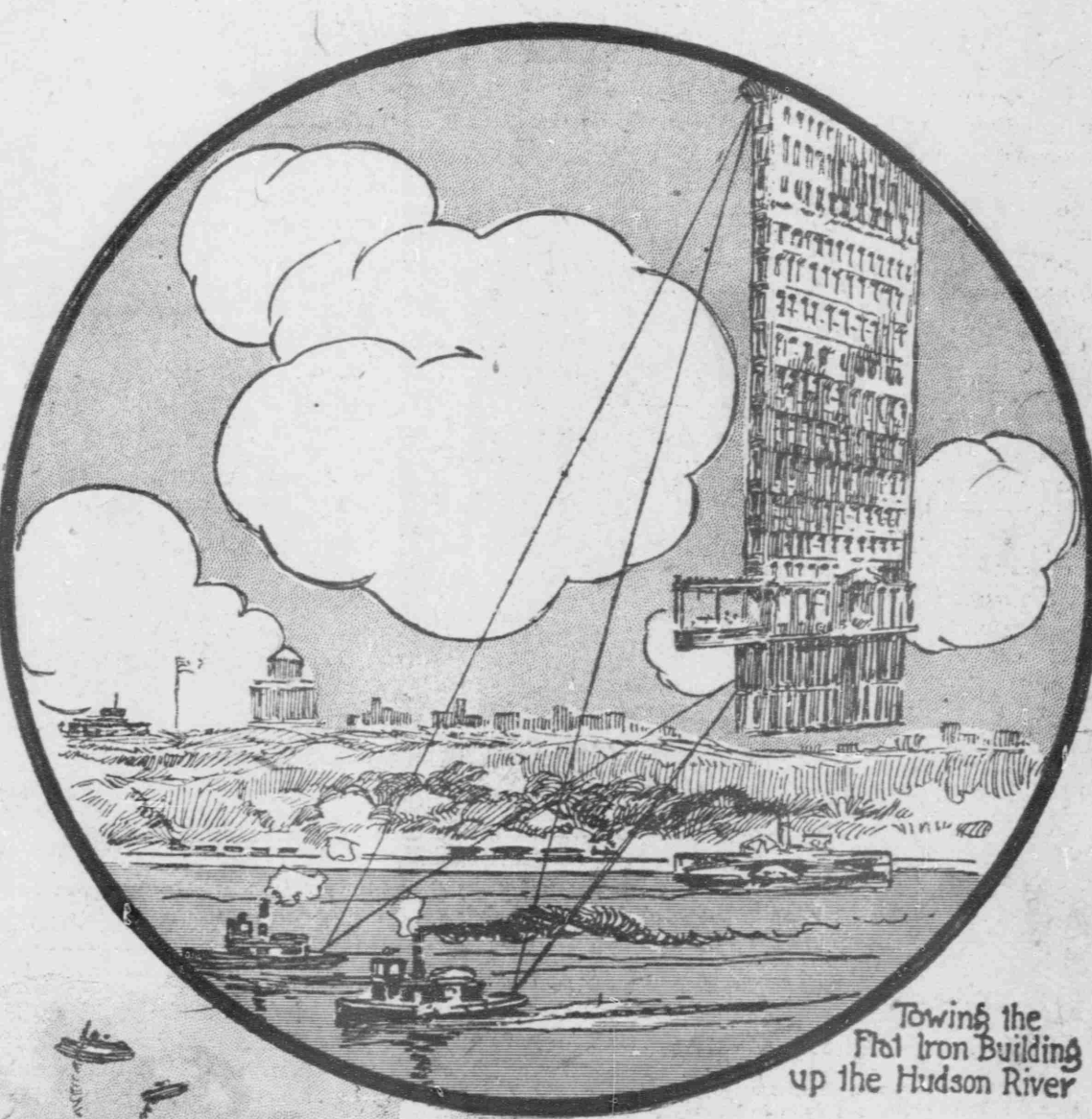
Morse was dubbed an eccentric dabbler in hopeless experiments, and so widespread was the ignorance as to natural phenomena that the members of the great legislative body really regarded him as insane.

Every inventor, discoverer, or experimenter, who is in danger of being deterred in his chosen work by abuse from those in authority, ridicule from the cynical, doubt or apathy on the part of the public, should refresh himself and take new heart by reading up on the vicissitudes of Morse and his telegraph.

Fund for Experiments.

We do things differently nowadays. Private capital and governmental aid is not lacking in any matter concerned with the onward march of science. This has truly been called the golden age for inventors, developers, and even dreamers.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars are obtained with ease for the construction of dirigible balloons, so-called flying machines, submarine boats of various types, wireless telegraph stations at sea and on land, new explosives, and new armament, while within the memory of men now active in Washington life, Prof. Morse was compelled humbly to



Towing the Flat Iron Building up the Hudson River

supplicate for a paltry \$25,000, that he might give to the world one of its greatest discoveries.

My experience in obtaining the promise of financial backing for my further experiments is a verification of this statement.

Enjoying a life-long and close friendship with the late Senator Hanna, I had no difficulty in securing proper letters of introduction to New York capitalists. I laid my scheme before men who are pre-eminently devoted to the practical, and have no time for the consideration of visionary dreams, with an abiding fear, I confess that my proposition

would be considered to come within this category.

I was surprised and delighted at the ready response. "Why, certainly," I was told, "we are willing to put up a few thousands merely for experiment. We understand that you are not yet able to promise certain results—if you were your demand would be for millions instead of thousands, and you would be in a position to demand them." With this assurance I returned to Washington, and resumed teaching, having postponed further experiments until after the coming campaign, in which I expect to take an active part.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN AIRSHIP

WITH the establishment of control over the law of gravitation, flying machines would cease to be a dream of the world, for then all that would be necessary to enable one to fly would be for a man to charge himself with positive electricity to an extent which would make him lighter than air, and he would rise from the surface of the earth like a balloon.

A small gasoline or other motor operating a swift propeller, and a rudder, and motion in any direction would be accomplished.

In order to descend, it would be necessary to carry on the upward flight a storage battery containing a supply of the negative current, and by turning this on himself the mid-air traveler would negate the positive charge and slowly descend to earth.

With such a plan, however, the storage battery would become all-essential, and great would be the danger of the sear should lose both his battery and his propeller, then being obliged to remain suspended in the upper aerial strata for want of a ladder on which to descend, is a phase of the matter on which it is unpleasant to dwell.

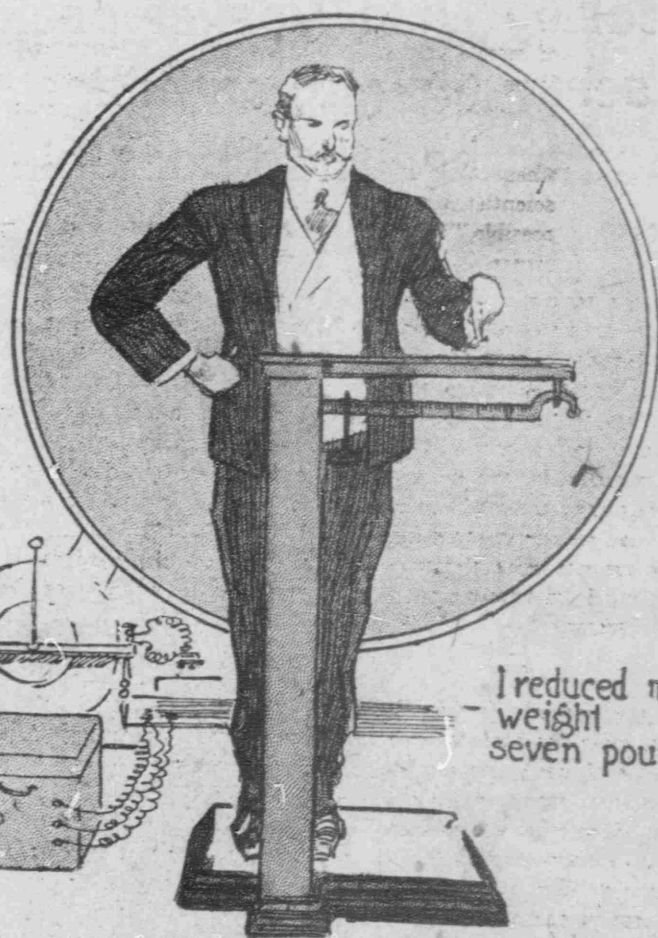
This idea suggests another one—that of the safe, humane and speedy disposition of criminals under capital sentence. All that would be necessary would be to send the condemned man aloft without motor or storage cylinder, charging him heavily with the "Scharf current," and he would simply fly off into space and become a minute speck of star dust, or perhaps form the nebula for a new planet.

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I reduced my weight seven pounds

Criminals charged with the Scharf current may be projected into space, and skyscrapers moved about the country like pawns on a chess-board.

dred cars may be lightened with as much ease as he was on the scales, then the problem of transportation will have been reduced to a minimum.

Moving Extraordinary.

Another possibility which presents itself is of the moving order, and truly as fascinating as the Arabian Nights Tales. Swiftly growing New York, with its ever changing centers of activity, may become the arena of genuine elevated traffic and of real rapid transit before another century dawns.

Fancy Greater New York reaching to Poughkeepsie on the north and to Montauk Point on the east. Imagine the rush hour on "moving day," May 1, 1929. A vast army of workers, imbued with the "Scharf current," and with the "negating cylinders" as closely guarded as the present New Yorker clutches his transfer slip, will be self-propelled "down-town" to Harlem, or across town from the present sandy stretches of Long Island. Above the city's hum they will meet, moving, like themselves, the Flatiron Building, old Trinity Church, two score giant skyscrapers and a bridge or two from the East or North Rivers, similarly possessed of the anti-gravitation impulse, and the never-ending desire to get "up town" to new and more suitable locations.

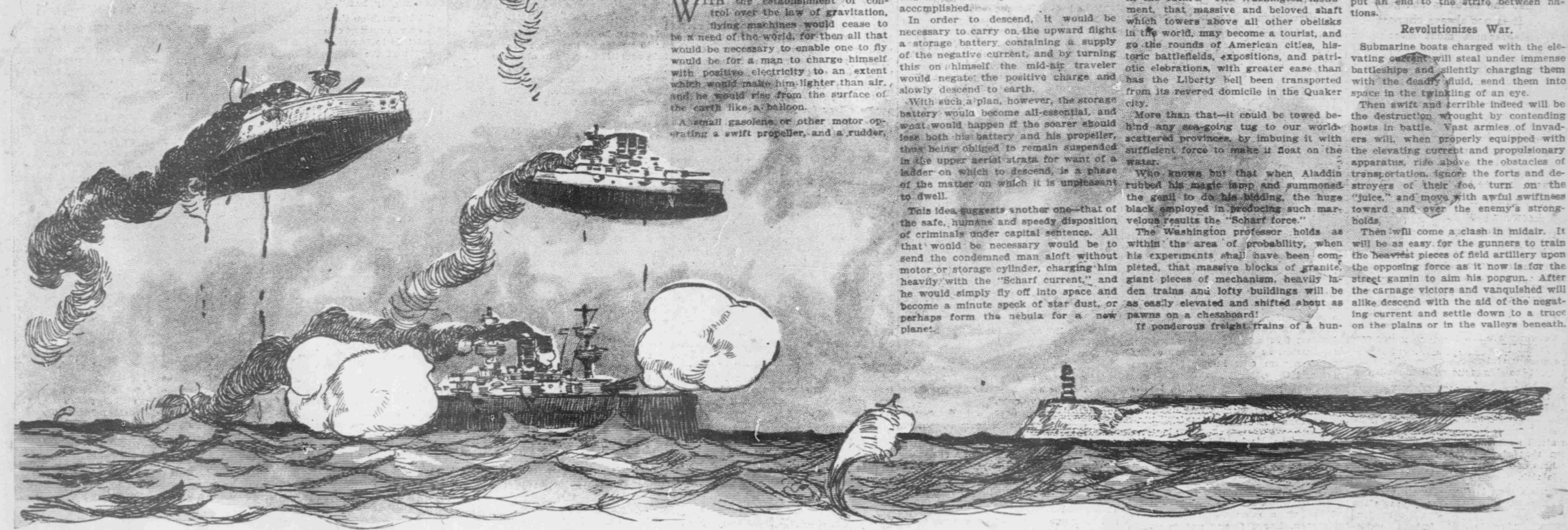
War methods will be revolutionized, if some pacific arbitration tribunal, like that at The Hague, shall not have put an end to the strife between nations.

Revolutionizes War.

Submarine boats charged with the elevating current will steal under immense battleships and silently charging them with the deadly fluid, send them into space in the twinkling of an eye.

Then swift and terrible indeed will be the destruction wrought by contending hosts in battle. Vast armies of invaders will, when properly equipped with the elevating current and propulsive apparatus, ride above the obstacles of transportation, ignore the forts and destroyers of their foe, turn on the "juice," and move with awful swiftness toward and over the enemy's strongholds.

Then will come a clash in midair. It will be as easy for the gunners to train the heaviest pieces of field artillery upon the opposing force as it now is for the street gamins to aim his popgun. After the carnage victors and vanquished will alike descend with the aid of the negating current and settle down to a truce on the plains or in the valleys beneath.



JOHNNY MORAN, CHAMPION RUNAWAY, TELLS SOME OF HIS EXPERIENCES IN LOOKING FOR WORK

FOR more than three years the newspapers have been called on from time to time to record the escapades of one and the same small boy. He has been reported as a lost boy in New York, again as a lost boy in Jersey City, still again as a lost boy in Newark, in Elizabeth, in Paterson, in Hoboken and in Brooklyn.

In New York and Jersey City the police are so familiar with this falling of his that he is recognized on sight, and is now sometimes humorously referred to as the Champion Lost Boy. One of the peculiarities of his case is that he has never been held by the police for any misdeed other than getting lost, and that his parents have no complaint of him save that he will run away and look for work.

Johnny Moran may appropriately be termed the boy who looks for work. He has been a seeker for three years now, wandering around among the docks, ferries, manufacturing and business centers of New York, Jersey City and Newark, and has already served in whatsoever capacity his genial, open little face and sturdy little body command him.

He has been a newsboy and a circular distributor, worked as a carrier for a butter and egg store and tried to obtain employment from every variety of industry which his wanderings brought before his eyes.

More than once he has run away from home in order to inquire of ship captains and masters of vessels about all the harbor waters of New York and New Jersey whether there was not something they could find for him to do.

He is a seeker after life and a larger horizon, and in that spirit he has gone cheerfully forward, making for himself a record and gathering experience which should be of inestimable benefit to him in future years.

Johnny's father, who was a longshoreman, was drowned three months before he was born, and his mother married again. The step-father is also a longshoreman, and finds a rather precarious living along the docks in Brooklyn, New York and New Jersey. Together these three and two still younger children than Johnny occupy a dreary ground floor apartment in a tenement house at 1831 Willow avenue, Weehawken, where they pay \$9 a month.

Johnny's first escapade occurred full three years ago, when according to his mother he ran away to New York and was not seen for a night and a day. He had got in with some boys who talked of New York, and being of an adventurous turn he made his way to one of the ferries and crossed.

There he wandered until nightfall, seeing the sights and enjoying the crowds. When hunger and weariness overtook him he crept into a tenement away where it was warm and lay down to sleep. In this situation he was discovered by a policeman, who picked him up and led him off to the station.

The same day he was persuaded, much against his will, to give his cousin's address—a thing which caused his speedy return to Hoboken.

This experience of Johnny's was the beginning of a new life to him. Heretofore his wanderings had been confined to Hoboken, but now he craved a larger life. New York, with its tall buildings and its crowded streets, was a paradise to him, and thither at the next opportunity he wended his way. One day, despite warnings and punish-

ments, he disappeared and was not seen for a week, when he was picked up by an agent of the Gerry Society and held until his parents could be found. On this, as on the previous occasions, he was found sleeping in a hallway.

In New York, upon his second landing, he encountered a crowd of boys, larger than himself, who were playing at snowball. When they saw him coming they turned their batteries on him.

"What you want to throw at me for?" he asked.

They did not answer, but they did stop after a time, and then he made bold to join them.

"Let me play," he said, when they started a game of tag. They accepted him as a playmate, and from that day Johnny no longer considered himself a stranger in New York.

The members of this gang it was who taught him how to shift for himself. They told him how to get money to buy papers, where to buy them and where and how to sell them.

After this second capture by the police Johnny returned to his home and remained there for a time, but the quiet life palled on him. He went to school, but as he says himself, he didn't "join nuttin'." He used to like to run away and go down to the docks where his stepfather worked and where the ships were, but this also brought reprimand, and then he tried another tack.

This time he went to Newark avenue, in Jersey City. To pay his way he borrowed a dime from his mother, and when he got there he immediately joined a gang of newsboys, who took to him readily. He got them to show him where the daily papers were to be had and where the best places were to sell them, and then he looked about and fixed upon an old stable, where he asked leave to lie in the hayloft at night.

"They wanted to know didn't I have no home," he volunteered, in explanation, "an' when I said no dey said I could stay."

"What made you tell them that, Johnnie?" asked his mother.

"If I didn't, I couldn't stay," was his laconic reply.

Here, as in New York, his experiences rapidly widened. He learned from the other newsboys where he could get cheap food, and how, if necessity compelled, he could enter office buildings at closing time and hide himself away in the alcove of some upper floor. There he could curl himself up and sleep, and providing he did not come out before 6 o'clock in the morning there was little danger of arrest.

Again, he worked for a department store, handling out circulars at the door. During these periods he slept in dry goods boxes, haylofts, office buildings and warm arseways, and once he slept in an open wagon under the stars. And all this time he kept friends with all who knew him, and it was only by the most insistent demands that newsboys and the keepers of the lively stable could be persuaded to give him up.

"You mustn't be very good to him," Mrs. Moran says one of his patrons remarked when she came for Johnny, "or he wouldn't run away from you."

And yet Johnny is not ill treated. His home is poor, but his welcome is cordial.

"I have told him time and again," said his stepfather, "to come home

whenever he wants to and not lay out nights. The door is always open. I'll not lay a hand to him. . . . It seems he won't do it, though."

Johnny's personality is one of the most delightful you would meet in many a day. His eyes are blue, his cheeks plump and rosy, his little body as sturdy as one could wish to see. When he was called up to give testimony as to his past deeds, for the benefit of the public it was from the depths of the cellar, where he had been splitting wood for his mother.

The lad's face showed his trepidation. He stood in a corner of the stair and rubbed his eyes doubtfully. When he saw that there was no chance of escape, he came forth and looked questioningly into the newcomer's eyes.

Finally he became reassured, and once certain that his liberty was not at stake, the little fellow recovered wonderfully. His tears dried and his eyes brightened, and he leaned cordially against the friendly knee while he told the story of his escapades, as related above.